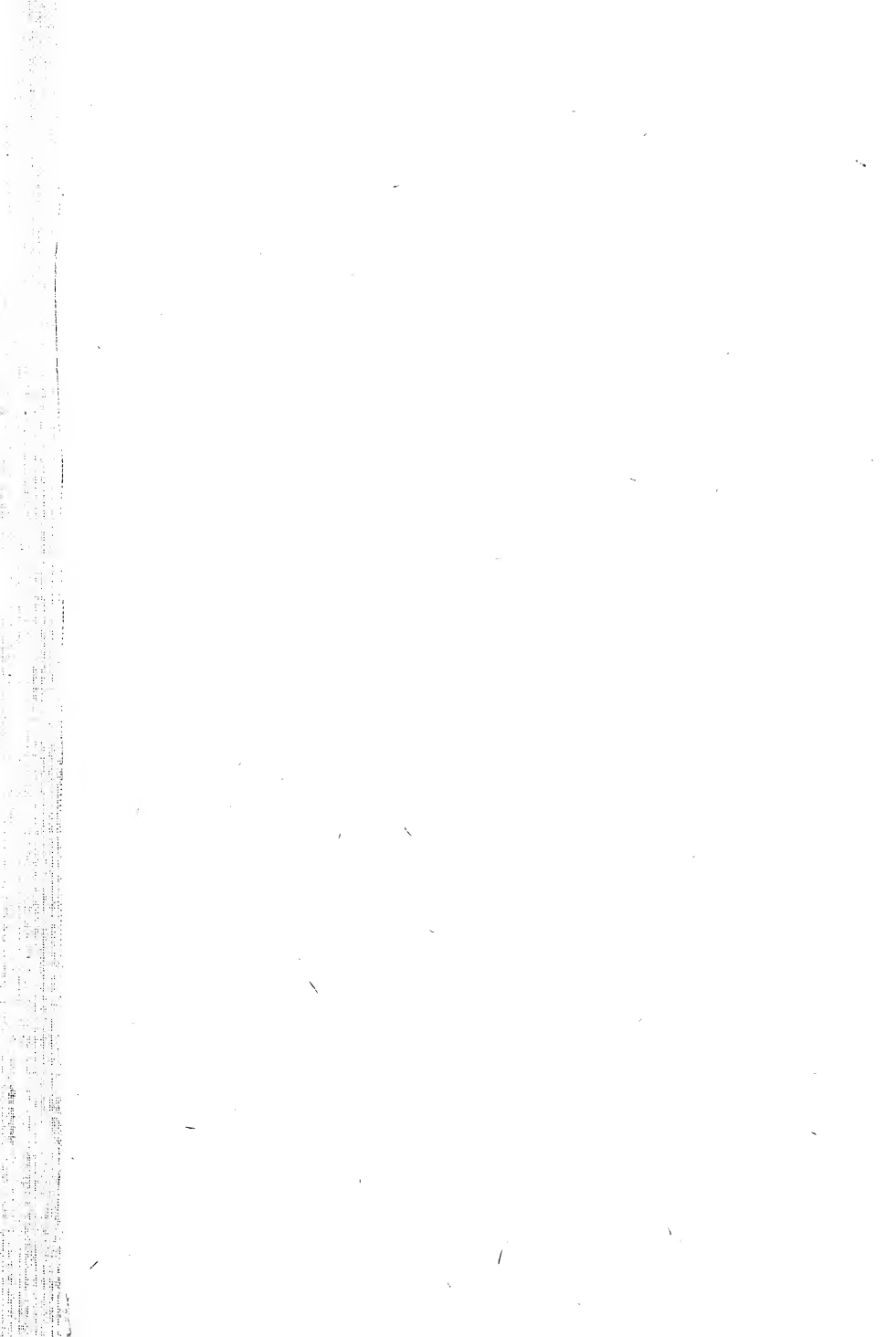


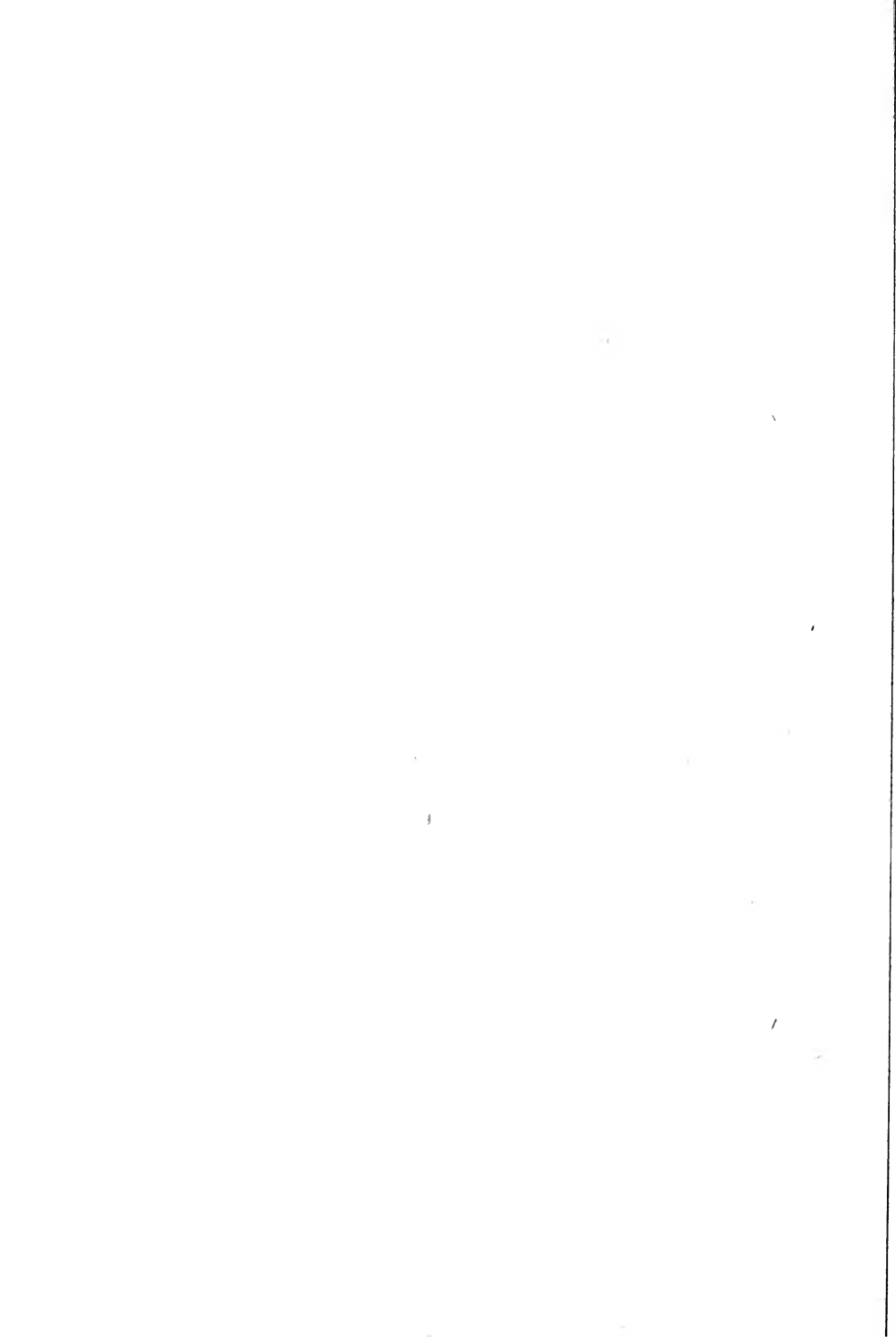
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N O R M A

A Grand Opera,

IN TWO ACTS.

THE MUSIC BY BELLINI.

AS REPRESENTED AT THE

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, LONDON, AND THE ACADEMY
OF MUSIC, NEW-YORK.

NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

ARGUMENT.

THE Romans, having effected the subjugation of Gaul, committed the government of the conquered province to Pollio, a Proconsul, who became enamoured of Norma, daughter of the Arch-Druid (Druidism being at that time the religion of the country), and who, besides the respect awarded her from the consideration of her birth and connections, was regarded by the superstitious multitude as the unerring oracle through whom their grand deity, Irminsul, condescended to convey to his faithful votaries his divine decrees. Norma having been secretly united to Pollio, the Roman Governor, has become the mother of two children, whom she keeps secret from all, excepting Clotilda. Pollio afterwards deserts Norma, and transfers his affections to Adalgisa, a young priestess of the Temple of Irminsul, who permits a similar passion to kindle in her bosom for the faithless Roman, who, after much persuasion, succeeds in gaining her consent to abandon the Temple, and fly with him to Rome. Remorse, however, soon takes possession of her breast, and, in her agony, she resolves to reveal all to Norma, who is already labouring under the influence of slighted love. Pollio makes his appearance at the instant that Adalgisa is relating her story to Norma, whose anger is transformed into the wildest fury, on being informed by Adalgisa that he is the corrupter of her youthful heart, and she bitterly reproaches Pollio for his infidelity and baseness.

The Second Act commences by introducing Norma, with her children, the former still under the influence of rage, and bent on their destruction, which she is on the point of accomplishing, when the full tide of maternal feeling rushes into her heart, and arrests her uplifted arm. She next resolves to destroy herself, and, as a preliminary step, requests Adalgisa to take charge of her children, who, moved by her distress, endeavours to allay her perturbation, and promises to persuade Pollio to return to her. In anticipation of her success, Norma becomes more tranquillised, and indulges hopes of brighter days. The illusion is of short duration. Clotilda soon after informs her that Adalgisa has been unsuccessful, and that the Roman persists in his determination to possess her. Intelligence soon after arrives that a Roman has been discovered in a certain part of the Temple, exclusively appropriated to the use of the Virgins, who, on being introduced, proves to be Pollio. Another scene of recrimination ensues between him and Norma, in which she threatens the life of Adalgisa. Pollio pleads for her, but the other is inexorable, and orders the pile to be prepared, and, on the name of the victim being demanded, she publicly announces herself. All present are struck with horror and amazement, anxious to know the nature of her crime; this she reveals to her father, by informing him that she is a mother! Pollio's first passion rekindles in his breast at this her devotion, and he gladly ascends the pile with her, after she has recommended her children and Clotilda to the care of her father.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

POLLIO, *a Roman Proconsul.*

FLAVIO, *his Friend.*

OROVESO, *Arch-Druid.*

NORMA, *a Druidess, Daughter of Oroveso.*

ADALGISA, *a young Priestess of the Temple of Irminsul.*

CLOTILDA, *Confidante of Norma.*

The two Children of Pollio & Norma, Druids, Bards, Enbagi, Priestesses, Warriors, and Gallic Soldiers.

The Scene is laid in Gaul, in the Sacred Forest of the Druids, and in the Temple of Irminsul.

N O R M A .

A T T O I.

SCENA I.—*Foresta Sacra de' Druidi.*—In mezzo, la Quercia d' Irminsul; al piè della quale vedesi la Pietra Druidica, che serve d' Altare.—Colli in distanza sparsi di Selve.—E' notte: lontani fuochi trapelano dai boschi.

Al suono di Marcia Religiosa sfilano le schiere de' Galli; indi, la Processione de' Druidi; per ultimo OROVESO, coi Maggiori Sacerdoti.

Oro. Ite sul colle, o Druidi!
Ite a spiar ne' Cieli;
Quando il suo disco argenteo
La nuova luna svel,
Ed il primier sorriso
Del verginal suo viso.
Tre volte annunzi il mistico
Bronzo sacerdotale.
Dru. Il sacro vischio a mietero,
Norma verrà?
Oro. Sì, Norma.

A C T I.

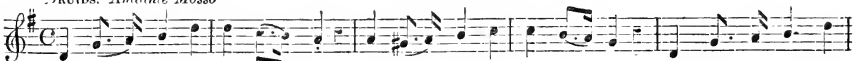
SCENE I.—*Sacred Forest of the Druids.*—In the centre, the Oak of Irminsul; at the foot of which is seen a Druidical Stone, serving as an Altar.—Hills in the distance, partially covered with trees.—It is night: lights are seen among the trees at the back.

A Religious March is heard.—Enter the Gallic Army, followed by a Procession of Druids; and, lastly, the Chief Priests, headed by OROVESO.

Oro. On to the hills, oh holy band of Druids!
On, as your duty is, and watch the Heavens;
And when you see on high her silvery disk
The new moon (omen of success) unveils,
At the first radiant smile that beams from forth
Her virgin face, charming the sea and shore,
Thrice the glad tidings, spreading all around,
Announce upon the sacerdotal bronze.
Dru. Will, then, to cut the sacred mistletoe,
The mighty Norma come?
Oro. Yes, Norma will.

DELL' AURA PROFETICA—OH! WITH THY PROPHETIC POWER. CHORUS. OROVESCO AND DRUIDS.

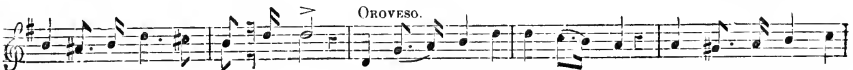
DRUIDS. *Andante Mosso*



Dell' au - ra tua pro - fe - ti - ca, Ter - ri - bil Dio l'in - for - - ma; Sensi O Ir - min - sul, le in -
Oh! with thy pro - phe - tic pow'r, Fire her heart, a - veng - ing fate; Dread Ir - min - sul, 'tis



spi - - ra, D'o - dio ai Ro - ma - ni e d'i - - ra; Sen - si che questa in - fran - ga - no,
now the hour, In - spire to Rome e - - ter - nal hate; Let re - so - lu - tion be her dow'r,



OROVESO.

Pa - ce per noi mor - tal. Sì, par - le - rà ter - ri - bi - le, Da ques - te quer - ce
Of dead - ly peace to spurn the weight. Yes, great God, in an - ger speak, From these thy an - cient



OROVESO and CHORUS.



Tutti. Luna, ti affretta a sorgere!
Norma all' altar verrà.

[*Si allontanano tutti e si sperdono nella Foresta: di quando in quando s'è odono ancora le loro voci risuonare in lontananza.*]

SCENA II.—POLLIONE e FLAVIO.

Escono quindi da un lato FLAVIO e POLLIONE guardandoli e ravvolti nelle lor toghe.

Pol. Svanir le voci.—Dell'orrenda selva
Libero è il varco.

Fla. In questa selva è morte.
Norma tel disse.

Pol. Profferisti un nome
Che il cor m' agghiaccia.

Fla. O! che di tu?—l' amante—
La madre de' tuoi figli!

Pol. A me non puoi
Far tu rampogna, ch'io meritar son senta;
Ma nel mio core è spenta
La prima fiamma. E un Dio la spense un Dio,
Nemico al mio riposo. A' piè mi veggio
L'abisso aperto, e in lui m' avvento io stesso.
Fla. Altra ameresti tu?

Pol. Parla sommessamente!
Un'altra!—sì, Adalgisa!

Tu la vedrai, fior d'innocenza e riso
Di candore e di amor! Ministra al tempio
Di questo Iddio di sangue, ella vi appare
Come raggio di stella in Ciel turbato.
Fla. Misero amico! e amato
Sei tu del pari?

Pol. Io n' ho fiducia.
Fla. E l'ira

Non temi tu di Norma?

Pol. Atroce, orrenda;—
Me la presenta il mio rimorso estremo.
Fla. Un sogno—
Pol. Ah! narra.

In rammentarlo io tremo!
Meco all' altar di Venere,
Era Adalgisa in Roma:
Cinta di bende candide,—
Sparsa di fior la chioma.

All. Sweet moon, oh, hasten thy propitious rise!
Norma will come—she will bless our wishes.

[*The whole disperse, and disappear in the Forest: at the back: from time to time their voices are heard in the distance.*]

SCENE II.—POLLIO and FLAVIO.

FLAVIO and POLLIO enter cautiously, enveloped in their togas.

Pol. All is hush'd and still.—In this dread wood
Our course is free.

Fla. We seek death in this forest
So Norma warn'd us.

Pol. Thou'st pronounced a name
That thrills my heart.

Fla. Heavens! what say'st thou?—thy lov'd one—
The mother of thy children!

Pol. No reproach
Can fall from thee that I've not deserv'd;
But in my hapless bosom burns no longer
My heart's first flame. A God so wills—a God,
Foe to my peace, has wrought this falsehood.
I see the abyss before me, nor would shun it
Fla. What! dost thou love another?

Pol. Hush! speak softly!
Another!—yes, the enchanting Adalgisa!
Thou shalt see this flower of youth and beauty,
Innocence and love! A priestess in the temple
Of these Gauls' blood-stain'd God, she beams
Like a bright star that cheers the gloomy night.
Fla. My ill-fated friend! and is thy hapless love
Returned?

Pol. I trust so.

Fla. But the jealous wrath,
Dost thou not dread, of Norma?

Pol. Yes, o'erpowering;—
My deep remorse but too well pictures it.
Fla. A dream—
Pol. Ah! speak.

Its memory shakes my soul!
With me to Venus kneeling,
In Rome, was Adalgisa:
White robes her truth revealing,—
Pure towers her hair's sole treasure.

Udia d' Imene i cantici,
Vedea fumar gl' incensi;
Eran rapiti i sensi—
Di voluttade e amor.

Quando fra noi terribile,
Viene a locarsi un' ombra,
L' ampio mantel Druidico
Come un vapor l' ingombra
Cade su l' ara il folgore,
D' un vel si copre il giorno.
Muto si spande intorno—
Un sepolcrale orror.

Più l' adorata vergine
Io non mi trovo accanto
N' odo da lunge, un gemito,
Misto de' figli al pianto,—
Ed una voce orribile.
Echeggia in fondo al tempio:
'Norma così fa scempio
Di amante traditor!'

[Squilla il Sacro Bronzo.

Fla. Odi?—I suoi riti a compiere,
Norma dal tempio move.

Voci [Lontano.]
Sorta è la luna, o Druidi!

Fla. Ite, profani, altrove.
Vieni!—Fuggiam! sorprendere,
Scoprire alcun ti può.

Pol. Tramam congiure i barbari!
Ma io li prevengo.

The hymns of Hymen hearing,
We saw the incense burning;
Rapture both hearts endearing—
Thus love with love returning.

When straight, while thus devoted,
Between us rose a shadow,
In Druid robes, that floated
Like mists o'er morning meadow.

A thunderbolt the altar
Struck—day became o'erclouded.
With fearful doubt I falter—
Sepulchral awe enshrouded.

My bride, sweet maiden! vanish'd,
I heard, with senses failing,
A groan, all hope that banish'd,
Mix'd with my children's wailing,—
A voice, my bliss that changes,
The temple's depths rolls over:
'Thus Norma well revenges
The treachery of her lover!'

[The Sacred Bronze is heard sounding.

Fla. Hear'st thou that?—Her rites to perform,
The Norma thou'st forsaken comes.

Voices. [Heard in the distance.]
The moon appears, oh Druids!

Fla. Hence, profane ones, from these scenes.
They come!—Fly! or we may be surpris'd,
Discover'd; let us, then, away.

Pol. Barbarians! they conspire to entrap us,
But their machinations I will defeat.

ME PROTEGGE—LOVE WILL SHIELD. SOLO. POLLIONE.

Andante. mf

Me pro - teg - ge! me di - fen - de Un po - ter mag - gior di lo - -
Love will shield, will pro - tect! yes, a pow'r, Great - er far than they boast, will de -

ro: E il pen - sier di lei che a - do - ro, E l'a - mor, è l'a - mor che m' in - flam -
fend: The bright thought of my fair, in this hour, With love's flame will pro - tect, will be -

mo! Di quel Dio che a me con ten - de—Quel - la ver - gi - ne ce - -
friend! Of the God who'd ri - val turn—... Turn with me for the mai - den di -

les - te! Ar - de - rò le rie fo - res - te, L'empio al - ta - re, l'empio al -
vine! The fell wood's haunts un - ho - ly I'll burn, And lay 'ow in the

ta - re abbat - te - rò! L'empio al - ta - re ab - bat - te - rò, l'empio al - ta - re ab - bat - te - rò!
dust his foul shrine! I'll burn, and lay low in the dust, in the dust, his foul shrine!

[Partono rapidamente.]


[Exeunt, hastily.]

SCENA III.—*Druidi dal fondo, Sacerdotesse, Guerrieri, Bardi, Eubagi, Sacrificatori.—E in mezzo, a tutti, OROVESO.*

SCENE III.—*Enter, from the back, Druids, Priestesses, Soldiers, Bards, Sacrificers, &c.—In the centre, at their head, OROVESO.*

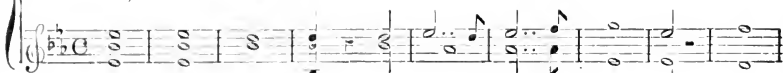
NORMA VIENE—SEE, NORMA COMES. CHORUS.

SOPRANI.

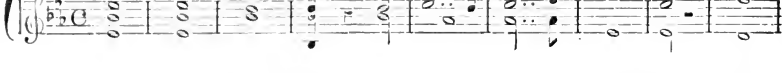


Nor - ma vie - ne! Le ein - ge la chio - ma La
See, Nor - ma comes! She on her calm brow wears A

T. TENORI.



BASSI.




ver - be - na ai mi - ste - ri sa - cra - ta; In sua
wreath, of ver - vain form'd, with myst - ry crown'd; In her




man co - me Lu - na fal - ca - ta, L'au - rea fal - ce dif - fon - de splen -
right hand, like Lu - na, bears A gold-wrought sic - kle, spread-ing splen-dour




dor. El - la vie - ne! e la stel - la di Ro - ma, Sbi - got - ti - ta si
round. Lo! she comes, and Rome's bright star de - clines, Fades ob - scure - ly in




co - pre d'un ve - lo. Ir - min - sul cor - re i cam - pi del Cie - lo,
dark - ness and night. Ir - min - sul in the vault - ed sky now shines,



Qual co - me - ta, fo - rie - ra d'or - ror; Qual co - me - ta, fo -
 Hor - ror! a co - met, men's souls to af - fright; Hor - ror! a co - met, men's

rie - ra d'or - ror, co - me - ta, fo - rie - ra d'or - ror! fo - rie - ra, fo -
 souls to af - fright, men's souls to af - fright; Hor - ror! hor - ror! a co - met, men's

rie - ra d'or - ror, fo - rie - ra, fo - rie - - - ra d'or - ror.
 souls to af - fright, men's souls, men's souls . . . to af - fright.

SCENA IV.—NORMA in mezzo alle sue Ministre:
 ha sciolti i capegli—la fronte circondata di una
 corona di vervena—ed armata la mano di una falce
 d'oro.—Si colloca sulla Pietra Druidica, e volge
 gli occhi d'intorno come ispirata.—Tutti fanno
 silenzio.

Nor. Sediziose voci:
 Voci di guerra avvi chi alzar si attenta?
 Presso all'ara del Dio? v'ha chi presume
 Dettar responsi alla vegente Norma?
 E di Roma affrettar il fato arcano—
 Ei non dipende da poter umano.

Oro. E fino a quando oppressi
 Ne vorrai tu? Contaminate assai
 Non fur le patrie selve e i templi aviti
 Dall'aquile latine. Omai di Brenno!
 Oziosa non può starsi la spada?

Tutti. Si brandisca una volta!

Nor. E infranta cada!

Infranta, sì! se a'cun di voi snudarla
 Anzi tempo pretende: ancor non sono
 Della nostra vendetta i dì maturi—
 Delle Sicambre scuri
 Sono i pili Romani ancor più forti.

Tutti. E che ti annunzia il Dio? Parla, quai sorti!

Nor. Io nei volumi arcani
 Leggo del Cielo, in pagine di morte
 Delle superba Roma è scritto il nome:
 Ella un giorno morrà—ma non per voi!
 Morrà pei vizii suoi,

SCENE IV.—Enter NORMA, in the midst of attendant
 Priestesses: her hair streaming wildly over her
 shoulders—her forehead bound by a wreath of the
 mystic vervain—in her hand a golden sickle.—She
 ascends with a solemn air the Druidical Stone, and
 glances around, as one inspired with prophetic power.
 —All maintain a deep silence.

Nor. I hear seditious shouts, and cries for war:
 Why rise they at the altar of our Deity!
 Who at this altar dares presume to dictate
 Dread fate's responses to all-seeing Norma?
 Untimely speeding Rome's appointed doom—
 Her fate depends not upon human agency.

Oro. When will the burdens that oppress us end?
 Devour'd, contaminated, we enough have seen
 Our country's sacred woods and temples
 By Rome's fierce eagles. Sword of Brennus!
 Shalt thou ingloriously and idly rest!

All. It must again be drawn!

Nor. Drawn to be broken!
 Yes, broken! should there any here presume
 To draw it forth ere fate's appointed hour:
 The day of retribution yet is distant—
 The dreaded battle-axe of the Sicambri has no
 Yet strength to turn the Roman javelins.

All. What does our Deity reveal of fate?—speak!
 Nor. In the dread pages of the mystic volumes,
 In death-fraught characters inscribed,
 The name of proud imperial Rome I read,
 She'll one day fall—but 'twill not be by you!
 Through her own vices 'tis that she will perish,

Qual consunta morrà! L' ora aspettate—
L' ora fatal che compia il gran decreto.
Pace, v' intimo! e il sacro vischio io micto.

Falchia il Vischio, le Sacerdotesse lo raccolgono in canestri di vimini.—Norma si avvanza, e stende le braccia al Cielo.—La Luna splende in tutta la sua luce.—Tutti si prostano.

Consumed to dust! The hour, then, wait—
The fated hour this great decree foretells.
Peace, all! I go the sacred boughs to gather.

[Norma cuts the sacred branches of the Mistletoe, which the Priestesses receive and deposit in their consecrated baskets.—She then advances, upraising her arms on high.—At this moment the Moon breaks forth in full effulgence.—All kneel reverentially.]

CASTA DIVA—STAINLESS GODDESS. AIR. NORMA.

Andante.

Ca - sta Di - va, ca - sta Di - va, che in - ar -
stain - less God - dess, stain - less God - dess, whose brilliance

gen - ti, Que - ste sa - cre, que - ste sa - cre, que - ste
beam - ing, O'er these an - cient, o'er these an - cient trees, these

sa - cre an - ti - che pi - ante, A noi vol - gi il bel sem -
an - cient trees, is stream - ing, Oh, on us, . . . with fa - vour

bian - te; A noi vol - gi, a noi vol - gi il bel sem - bian -
gleam - ing; Oh, on us, oh, on us with fa - vour gleam - . . .

. . . te, il bel sem - bian - te Sen - za nu - be e sen - za vel!
. . . ing, Free from clouds, pro - pi - tious, pro - pi - tious shine!

Tempra tu de' cori ardenti!
Tempra ancor lo zelo andace!
Spargi in terra quella pace,
Che regnar tu fai nel Ciel.

Tutti. A noi volgi il bel sembiante,
Senza nube e senza vel!

Nor. Fine al rito; e il sacro bosco
Sia disgombrò dai profani;
Quando, il Nume irato e fosco,
Chiegga il sangue dei Romani,
Dal Druidico delubro
La mia voce tuonerà.

Tutti. Tuoni! e alcun del popol empio
Non isfugga al giusto scempio!
E primier da noi percosso
Il Proconsule cadrà.

Nor. Sì, cadrà, punirlo io posso.
(Ma punirlo il cor non sa.)

Oh! calm thou hearts, too ardent burning!
Oh! calm thou zeal, all prudence spurning!
Then, peace on earth again returning,
Speed on through Heaven with ray divine.

All. Oh! on us, with favour gleaming,
Free from clouds, propitious shine!

Nor. The rites are finish'd; and the sacred wood
Must now be clear'd of all profane intruders;
When he, the Deity of wrath and gloom,
Shall decree the ensanguin'd fall of Rome,
Then, from the Druid's consecrated altar,
My summoning voice in thundershall be heard.

All. Let it be heard! and of the impious race
Not one shall escape our vengeance!
Beneath our retributive weapons
Shall the Proconsul be the first to fall.

Nor. Yes, first to fall! I have pow'r to punish him.
(But how, alas! my weak heart knows not.)

AH! BELLO, A ME RITORNA.—AH! DEAR ONE, AS TRUE RETURNING. AIR. NORMA.

Allegro.

Ah! bel-lo a me ri-tor-na, Del fi-do a-mor pri-mie-ro; E con-tro il mon-do in-
 Ah! dear one, as true re-turning, As when with love first burn-ing; Norma, the whole world
 tie-ro, Di-fe-sa a te sa-rò. Ah! bel-lo a me ri-tor-na, Del rag-gi-o tuo se-re-no; E vi-ta nel tuo
 spurn-ing. Will thy de-fen-der be. Ah! dear one, to me re-
 tor-na, Del rag-gi-o tuo se-re-no; E vi-ta nel tuo
 turn-ing, With love se-rene-ly yearn-ing; My breast shall find life's
 se-no—E pa-tria, e Cie-lo a-vrò, . . . e
 dawn-ing— . . . Hea-ven, coun-try, all in thee, . . . e
 Cie-lo a-vrò, all in thee.

Coro. Sea lento, sì, sei lento,
 O giorno di vendetta;
 Ma irato il Dio t' affretta
 Che il Tebro condannò.
 [Norma parte; e tutte in ordine la seguono.]

SCENA V.—Entra ADALGISA.

Ada. Sgombra è la sacra selva,—
 Compiuto il rito. Sospirar non vista
 Allin poss'io, qui, dove a me s' offerse
 La prima volta quel fatal Romano
 Che mi rende rubella al tempio, al Dio.
 Fosse l' ultima almen!—Vano desio!
 Irresistibil forza
 Quì mi strascina: e di quel caro aspetto
 Il cor si pasce: e di sua cara voce
 L' aura che spira mi repete il suono.
 [Corre a prostrarsi, sulla Pietra d' Irminsul.
 Deh! proteggimi, o Dio! perduta io sono.]

SCENA VI.—POLLIONE, FLAVIO, e detta.

Pol. Eecola! va! mi lascia—
 Ragion non odo. [Flavio parte.]
Ada. [Veggendolo sbigottita.] O! Pollione!
Pol. Che veggio?—Piangevi tu?
Ada. Pregava. Ah, t' allontana—
 Pregar mi lascia!
Pol. Un Dio tu preghi atroce,
 Crudele, avverso al tuo desire e al mio!
 O, mia diletta! il Dio
 Che invocar devi è Amor!
Ada. Amor! deh! taci!
 Ch' io più non t' oda. [Si allontana da lui.]

Cho. Lingering and slow-paced,
 Oh day of vengeance, thou approachest,
 But the angry God shall haste thee,
 That the Tiber hath condemned.
 [Exit Norma; the rest follow in procession.]

SCENE V.—Enter ADALGISA.

Ada. The sacred wood is free from all intruders,
 The rites perform'd. I here may sigh unseen,
 Within these shades that treacherous gave
 The first rencontre with that fatal Roman,
 Who made me false alike to vows and God.
 Would that time were the last!—Vain desire!
 A force irresistible
 Impels me hither: his seductive looks
 My heart entrance: and of his dear voice
 The air I breathe loves to repeat the sound.
 [Prostrates herself at the Altar of Irminsul.
 Protect thou me, oh God, or I am lost!]

SCENE VI.—POLLIO, FLAVIO, and the same.

Pol. 'Tis she! leave me! vain's remonstrance now—
 I'm deaf to reason. [Exit Flavio.]
Ada. [Disturbed at the sight of Pollio.] Pollio!
Pol. What see I?—In tears, love?
Ada. I was praying. Leave me, leave me—
 Leave me to prayer!
Pol. Prayer to a ruthless God,
 Who frowns on the desires of two fond hearts!
 Oh, my belov'd, my beautiful! the God
 Thou should'st invoke, is Love!
 Love! hush! no more!
Ada. I dare not stay to listen. [Retreating.]

Pol. E vuoi fuggirmi? e dove
Fuggir vuoi tu ch'io non ti segua?

Ada. Ai sacri altari ch'io sposar giurai!
Gli altari!—e il nostro amor?

Pol. Io l'obbliai!

Pol. Va, crudele—e al Dio spietato,
Offri in dote il sangue mio—
Tutto, ah! tutto ci sia versato;
Ma lasciarti non poss'io.
Sol promessa al Dio tu fosti—
Ma il tuo cuore a me si diè.
Ah! non sai quel che mi costi;
Perch'io mai rinunzi a te.

Ada. E tu pure, ah! tu non sai!
Quanto costi a me dolente!
All'altare che altraggiasti,
Lieta andava ed innocente!
Il pensiero al Ciel s'ergea;
Il mio Dio vedeva in Ciel!
Or per me—spergiura e rea—
Cielo e Dio ricopre un vel.

Pol. Ciel più puro, e Dei migliori.
T'offro in Roma, ov'io mi reco.

Ada. [Colpita.] Parti forse!

Pol. Ai nuovi albori.

Ada. Parti!—ed io?

Pol. Tu vieni meco.
De' tuoi riti, è amor più santo:
A lui cedi, ah! cedi a me!

Ada. [Più commosso.] Ah! non dirlo!

Pol. Il dirò tanto,
Che ascoltato io sia da te.

Pol. Would'st fly from me?
Where canst thou fly that I cannot follow?

Ada. Our temple;
Those sacred altars I to espouse have sworn!

Pol. The altar!—and our love?

Ada. I have forgotten it!

Pol. Go, cruel beauty—go to thy fell Deity,
And offer up in sacrifice my blood—
To the last drop!—all, all—let it be shed;
For leave thee I cannot, whate'er the cost.
Thou wert but promis'd to thy tyrant God—
Not so to me: thy heart to me was given.
Ah! none can tell what I for thee would suffer
No power shall force me to renounce thy love
And who can say what I have staked for thee
What grief thy fatal love has cost me!
To the sacred altar I have outrag'd,
Cheerful and innocent of heart I came!
My every thought I gave to Heaven alone!
And I in Heaven with joy beheld my God!
But now I—lost, perjurd, guilty thing,
Heaven and my Deity see no longer.

Pol. Heavens far purer, Gods more just,
To Rome invite thee, whither now I go.

Ada. [Amazed.] Depart, said'st thou?

Pol. Yes, at the dawn of day.

Ada. Depart!—and I?

Pol. Thou must go with me.
Than thy fell rites, love's are holier far:
Yield to love! and, yielding, yield to me!

Ada. [Much agitated.] Ah! urge not thus!

Pol. Still shall I urge,
Until thou, pitying, dost consent.

VIENI IN ROMA—COME TO ROME. DUET. ADALGISA and POLLIO.

POLLIO. Più mosso assai.

Vieni in Ro-ma, ah! vieni, o cara: Do - v'è a - mor, do - v'è amore, è gioia, è vi - ta, I - neb -
Come to Rome with me, my fair - est: Love, and joy, and life, my dear - est, All will
brian nostr' al - me a gara, — Del con - ten - to, del con - ten - to a cuine in - vi - ta. Vo - ce in
there trans - port, de - light us, — Bliss, and sweet con - tent, in - vite us. A
cor par - lar non sen - ti. Che pro - met - te e - ter - no ben; Ah! da
voice must in thy heart be speak - ing. Pro - mis - ing e - ter - nal bliss; Such sweet
fe - de ai dol - ci ac - cen - ti, Spo - so tuo — spo - so tuo mi stringi al sen! Ciel! co -
ac - cents still there seek - ing, Be mine — yield Hea - ven in thy kiss! Heav'ns! the
si par - lar l'a - scol - to, Sem - pre, o - vunque, al tem - pio i - stes - so. Con que -
words I now hear sound - ing, Are our tem - ple's pray'rs con - founding, Those eyes, that

gli occhi, con quel vol - to—Fin sull'a-ra fin sull'a-ra il vag-go im - pris - so. Ei tri-
face, are ne-ver from me—E'en at the al-tar they beam on me. Heav'ns! the

on - fa del mio piar - to, Del mio duol vit - to - ria ot - tien. Ciel! mi
words I now hear sound - ing, Do our tem - ple's pray'rs con - found. Those eyes, that

togli al dol-ce in can - to, O l'er - ror, o, l'er ror per - do - na al - men.
face, are ne - ver from me— Save me from the spell by which I'm bound

Pol. Adalgisa!
Ada. Ah! mi risparmi
Tua pietà maggior cordoglio!
Pol. Adalgisa! e vuoi lasciarmi?
Ada. Nol poss'io!—Seguir ti voglio!
Pol. Quì, domani, all' ora istessa,
Verrai tu?
Ada. Ne fo promessa
Pol. Giura!
Ada. Giuro!
Pol. O! mio contento!
Ti rammenta!
Ada. Ah! mi rammento!
Al mio Dio sarò spergiura,
Ma fedele a te sarò!
Pol. L' amor tuo mi rassicura,
E il tuo Dio s'ida saprò. [Partono.

SCENA VII.—Abitazione di Norma.

NORMA e CLOTILDE, recano per mano due piccoli Fanciulli.

Nor. Vanne! e li ceta entrambi!—oltre l' usato
Io tremo d'abbracciarli.
Clo. E qual ti turba
Strano timor, che i figli tuoi rigetti?
Nor. Non so;—diversi affetti
Strazian quest' alma: amo in un punto ed odio
I figli miei—soffro in vederli, e soffro
S' io non li veggo; non provato mai
Sento ud diletto ed un dolore insieme
D' esser lor madre.
Clo. E madre sei?
Nor. Nol fossi!
Clo. Qual rio contrasto!
Nor. Immaginar non puossi?
O, mia Clotilde! richiamato al Tebro,
È Pollione.
Clo. E teco ei parte?
Nor. Ei tace
Il suo pensier. O! s' ei fuggir tentasse,
E quì lasciarmi—se obbliai potesse
Questi suoi figli!
Clo. E il credi tu?
Nor. Non l' oso!
E troppo tormentoso—
Troppo orrendo un tal dubbio.
Alcun s'avanza: va—li ceta.

[Norma li abbraccia, Clotilde parte coi Fanciulli.]

Pol. Adalgisa!
Ada. Ah! spare me,
In pity, from a greater sorrow!
Pol. Adalgisa, canst thou leave me?
Ada. No, I cannot!—I will follow thee.
Pol. Here, then, to-morrow, at this hour,
Say, wilt thou come?
Ada. Thou hast my promise.
Pol. But swear!
Ada. I swear!
Pol. Oh! height of joy!
Remember!
Ada. Ah! I shall remember!
To my God shall I be perjurd,
But I shall be true to thee!
Pol. By thy love I'm cheer'd, urg'd onward,
Defying thus thy Deity. [Exeunt.

SCENA VII.—Norma's Dwelling.

Enter NORMA and CLOTILDE, leading by the hand two young Children.

Nor. Away! conceal them!—an unusual terror
Thrills me as I embrace them.
Clo. What is't moves thee,
That thus thou driv'st from thee thy children?
Nor. I cannot tell;—contending feelings rend
My ill-us'd soul: at once I love and hate
My hapless children—seeing them, I suffer,
Yet in their absence suffering.
I prove alike a pleasure and a pain—
I feel that I'm their mother.
Clo. Their mother?
Nor. Would I were not!
Clo. Heart-rending conflict!
Nor. Who can picture it?
Oh, my Clotilde! recalled to the Tiber,
Pollio departs.
Clo. With you?
Nor. He has not said so
He hides his thoughts. Oh! should he resolve
To leave me here alone—should he forget
His helpless children!
Clo. You cannot think he'd act so?
Nor. No, I dare not!
Ah! too tormenting to my faithful heart—
Too horrible, I feel this doubt.
Some one advances: go—hide them.

[Norma embraces, and Clotilde retires with Children]

SCENA VIII.—ADALGISA e NORMA.

Nor. Adalgisa!

Ad. [Da lontano.] (Alma, costanza!)

Nor. T' inoltra—o giovinetta—
T' inoltra—e perchè tremi?
Ulli che grave a me
Segreto palesar tu voglia.

Ad. È ver!—Ma, deh! ti spoglia
Della celeste austerità, che splende
Negli occhi tuoi—dammi coraggio, ond' io
Senz' alcun velo ti palesi il core.

[Si prostra.—Norma la solleva.]

Nor. Mi abbraccia—e parla: che t' affligge?

Ad. [Dopo un momento d' esitazione.] Amore!
Non t' irritar!—Lunga stagione pugnai
Per sollevarlo—ogni mia forza ei vinse!
Ogni rimorso—Ah! tu non sai pur dianzi
Qual giuramento io fei!—fuggir dal tempio,—
Tradir l' altare a cui son io legata,—
Abbandonar la patria!

Nor. Ahi, sventurata!
Del tuo primier mattino,
Già turbato è il sereno: e come e quando
Nacque tal fiamma in te?

Ad. Da un solo sguardo—

Da un sol sospiro, nella sacra selva,
A' piè dell' ara ov' io pregava il Dio.
Tremai, sul labbro mio
Si arrestò la preghiera; e tutta assorta
In quel leggiadro aspetto, un altro Cielo
Mirar credetti!—un altro Cielo in lui!

Nor. (O rimembranza! io fui
Così rapita al sol mirarlo in volto.)

Ad. Ma non mi ascolti tu?

Nor. Segui—t' ascolto.

Ad. Sola, furtiva, al tempio
Io l' aspettai sovente!
Ed ogni dì più fervida
Crebbe la fiamma ardente.

Nor. (Io stessa, anch' io
Arsi così—l' incanto suo fu il mio.)

Ad. Vieni! ei dicea, concedi
Ch' io mi ti prostri ai piedi,
Lascia che l' aura spiri,
De' dolci tuoi sospiri!
Del tuo bel crin le anella
Dammi poter baciare?

Nor. (O, cari accenti!

Così li profferia—
Così trovava del mio cor la via.)

Ad. Dolci qual arpa armonica,
M' eran le sue parole:
Negli occhi suoi sorridere
Vedeo più bello un sole.
Io fui perduta e il sono.
D' nopo ho del tuo perdono:
Deh! tu mi reggi e guida,—
Me rassicura, o sgrida,—
Salvami da me stessa,—
Salvami dal mio cor!

Nor. Ah! tergi il pianto:
Alma non trovi di pietade avara.
Te ancor non lega eterno nodo all' ara.

SCENE VIII.—ADALGISA and NORMA.

Nor. Adalgisa!

Ad. [In the distance.] (Soul, be firm!)

Nor. Approach—young virgin, fear not—
Advance—why tremble?
I've heard that some grave matter
To me in secret thou would'st impart.

Ad. 'Tis true!—But, ah! veil awhile
That heavenly austerity that reigns
Within thy eyes—inspire, encourage me,
That, unrestrain'd, I may unfold my heart.

[Adalgisa kneels lowly.—Norma raises her.]

Nor. Embrace me—speak: what afflicts thee?

Ad. [After a moment's hesitation.] Love!
Be not angry!—Long I struggled
To repress it—but in vain, for it conquer'd!
All my remorse—Ah! thou little thinkest
What oath I've sworn!—to fly our temple,—
Betray the altar unto which I'm bound,—
Forsake my country!

Nor. Lost, unhappy one!
Thus, so early in thy life's young morning,
Thy calm is o'ercast; but when, and how,
Was born this flame in thee?

Ad. 'Twas with one look—

A single sigh, within our sacred forest,
As at the altar I implo'd our God.
Trembling, alas! I felt upon my lips
The pray'r arrested—die; and, all absorb'd,
In his bright countenance another Heaven!
I saw,—Ah, how believe!—another Heaven!

Nor. (Sad reminiscence! 'twas thus that I
Enraptur'd felt when I first beheld him.)

Ad. But thou dost not hear?

Nor. Go on—I listen to thee.

Ad. Alone and secret, in our temple
I met him oft—remorse and shame!
Each day more fervent grew my passion,
Each day increas'd my bosom's flame.

Nor. ('Twas thus, I in my pride
Was charm'd—sigh'd as she sigh'd.)

Ad. Oh, come! he said, permission grant me
Lowly to kneel before thy virgin feet,
Leaving the passing zephyrs to enchant me,
As sweetly they thy honey'd sighs repeat!
And thy celestial brow, best bless!

Grant me, oh ecstasy of joy! to kiss!
Nor. (Dear accents! remember'd but too well!

Such words he softly breath'd to me—
And found to my poor heart the way!)

Ad. Sweet as the notes of the harmonious harp,
Flow'd the measure of his love-fraught words,
His eyes, his conquest aiding, brightly smil'd,
More beauteous than the noon-day sun.
I became lost, such ardent passion breathing
Befriend me—grant thy gracious pardon!
Oh! in thy virtue, be my help, my guide,—
Kindly console me, or as kind reprove,—
Stretch forth thy hand, and save me,—
Save me from my heart!

Nor. Ah! dry thy tears!
Thou find'st, in mine a soul not proof to pity.
Thou'rt not eternally bound to our altar.

AH! SÌ, FA CORE—OH! CHEER THEE. DURT. NORMA and ADALGISA.

NORMA. *Piu animato.*

Ah! sì, fa core! e ab-brac-cia - mi— Per - do - no eti com-pian - go; Dai
Oh! cheer thee, weep not! come to my arms—I par-don thee, thy sor-row chase; From

vo - ti tuoi ti li - be - ro. I tuoi le - ga - mi io fran - go. Al
all thy vows I free thy charms, The bonds that bind thee se - ver. Love

ca - ro og - get - to u - ni - - ta— Vi - vraife - - li - ce . . . an - cor; Al
gent-ly . . . chain-ing, thy dear one em-brace—In joy live, in joy live, . . . e-ver; Love

ca - ro og-get, . . . to u - ni - - ta, Vi - vrai fe - li - ce an - cor. . . vi - -
gent - ly chain-ing, thy dear one embrace, In joy live, in joy live . . . e-ver. . . .

vra . . . i an - cor, . vi - vra . . . i fe - - lice an -
. . in joy, . . in joy, . . . in joy live

ADALGISA.

cor! Ri - pe - ti o Ciel, ri - pe - ti - mi! Sì lu - singh - ieri, ac -
e - ver! Re - peat, repeat thou, great Hea - vens! yes, Those ac - cents sweet, and

cen - ti; Per te, per te s'ac - que - ta - no, I lun - ghi miei tor -
sor - row chase; Through thee, pure calm my hopes will bless, My heart from woe shall

men-zi, — Tu ren-di a me la vi - - - ta, Se non è col - - pa a -
se-ver, — Life's ear - ly morning, re-stor'd through thy grace, If pas-sion be guilt - less,

mor; Tu ren - dia me la vi - - - ta, Se non è col - pa a -
e-ver; Life's ear - ly morning re - stor'd thro' thy grace, If pas-sion be guilt - less,

mor, . . . non e, Se
e - ver, . . . If pas

. . . non, non . . . e col - pa a - mor.
. . . sion be guilt - less, e - ver.

Nor. Ma di'—l' amato giovane,
Quale fra noi si nomma?
Ada. C'ulla ei non ebbe in Gallia:
Roma gli è patria—
Nor. Roma!

SCENA IX.—POLLIONE, e detti.

Ada. Il mira!
Nor. Ei! Pollione!
Ada. Qual ira?
Nor. Costui, costui dicesti?
Ben io compresi?
Ada. Ah, sì!
Pol. *[Inoltandosi ad Adalgisa.]*
Miseria te!—che festi?
Ada. Io!
Nor. *[A Pollione.]* Tremi tu—per chi?

[Alcuni momenti di silenzio: Pollione è confuso, Adalgisa tremante, e Norma fermente.]

O non tremare! o perfido!
No, non tremar per lei:
Essa non è colpevole
Il malfattor tu sei!
Trema per te—fellone!

Poi figli tuoi, per me.
Ada. Che ascolto?—Ah, Pollione!
Taci! t' arretri?—Ahimè!

[Si copre il volto colle mani: Norma l'afferra per un braccio, e la costringe a mirar Pollione, egli la segue.]

Nor. O! di qual sei tu vittima!
Crudo e funesto inganno!
Pria che costui conoscere,
T' era il morir men dannoso.
Fonte d' eterne lagrime,
L' empio a te pure asperse;
D' orribil vol coprese
L' aurora de' tuoi dì.

Ada. O! qual traspare orribile
Dal tuo parlar mistero!
Trema il mio cor di chiedere—
Trema d' udire il vero:
Tutta comprendo, o misera!
Tutta la mio sventura—
Essa non ha misura,
Se m' ingannò così.

Pol. Norma, de' tuoi rimproveri
Segno, non farmi adesso.
Deh! a questa afflitta vergine,
Sia respirar concesso:
Copra a quell' alma ingenua—
Copra nostr' onte un velo.
Giudichi solo il Cielo
Qual più di noi falli.
Nor. Perfido!

Or basti! *[Per allontanarsi.]*

Nor. Fermati!

E a me sottrarti sperì?

Pol. Vieni! *[Afferra Adalgisa.]*

Ada. Mi lascia!—scostati! *[Dividendosi da lui.]*

Tu sei di Norma sposo.

Nor. But tell me—this much-lov'd youth,
By what name, 'mongst us, is he called?
Ada. He was not born here in Gaul:
Rome is his country—
Nor. Rome!

SCENE IX.—POLLIO, and the same.

Ada. Behold him!
Nor. He! Pollio!
Ada. What means this rage?
Nor. This man, say'st thou?
Have I heard rightly?

Ada. Ah, yes!
Pol. *[Approaching Adalgisa.]*
Oh, miserable thou!—what rashness!

Ada. I!
Nor. *[To Pollio.]* Thou tremblest—for whom?

[Some moments of silence: Pollio is confused, Adalgisa trembling, and Norma enraged.]

Tremble not! perfidious one!
Tremble not thus with fear for her:
She's not foresworn and guilty,
'The criminal, the guilty, is thyself!
Then tremble for thyself, betrayer!
For thy hapless children, and at me.

Ada. What do I hear?—Ah, Pollio!
Silent! not vindicate thyself?—Alas!

[She covers her face with her hands.—Norma seizes her by the arm, and compels her to look on Pollio, who anxiously observes her.]

Nor. Oh! of what treachery art thou the victim!
Cruel, unhappy, infamous deception!
Rather than this man thou e'er hadst known,
To thee death's self had preferably been.
A bitter fountain of eternal tears,
This impious one causes to flow:
With horrid clouds he has o'ershadow'd
The morning of thy unsuspecting days.

Ada. Oh! what treachery gleams forth
Too clearly in thy dark mysterious words!
My trembling heart no more dares ask—
Dares not, though yearning, hear the truth:
I comprehend all my misery,
All my misfortunes, my o'erwhelming woes—
They are destined ne'er to end,
If thus he has deceived me.

Pol. Norma, of thy well-merited reproaches
Make me not now the object.
Oh! pitying this afflicted virgin,
Her hapless sighs, so undeserv'd, respect:
Let us conceal from her ingenuous soul—
Let us conceal our shame beneath a veil.
To the justice only of offended Heaven
Be left to say which of us has erred.

Nor. Perfidious one!

Pol. Enough! enough! *[Turning to go.]*

Nor. Hold! hold!

Thus to escape me dost thou hope?

Pol. Come! *[Seizing Adalgisa.]*

Ada. Oh, leave me!—hence, away! *[Getting free from Pollio.]*

Begone! thou art the spouse of Norma.

Pol. Qual io mi fossi obbligo:
 L' amante tuo son io. [Con tutto il fuoco.

Nor. Destin costei fuggir.
 Ebben! Lo compii—e parti.
 [Reprimendo il furore.

[A Adalgisa.] Seguilo.
 Ah! pria morir!

Ada. [Prorompendo.]

Vanne, sì—mi lascia, indegno.
 Figli obblia, promesse, onore.
 Maledetto dal mio sdegno
 Non godrai d' un empio amore:
 Te sull' onde, te sui venti,
 Seguiran mie furie ardenti;
 Mia vendetta, e notte e giorno,
 Ruggirà d' intorno a te.

Pol. [Disperatamente.]

Fremi pure, e angoscia eterna.
 Pur m' imprechi il tuo furore.
 Questo amor che mi governa,
 È di te, di me maggiore
 Dio non v' ha che mali inventi
 De' miei mali più cocenti.
 Maledetto io fui quel giorno
 Che il destin t' offerse a me.

Ada. [Supplichevole a Norma.]

Ah! non fia, non fia ch' io costi
 Al tuo cor sì rio dolore.
 Mari e monti sian frapposti
 Fra me sempre e il traditore.
 Soffocar saprò i lamenti—
 Divorar i miei tormenti,
 Morirò, perchè ritorno
 Faccia il erudo ai figli e a te.

Coro. [Di dentro.]

Norma! all' ara! In suon feroce,
 D' Irminsul tuonò la voce!

Nor. } [A Pollione.] Suon di morte!—a tes' intima.

Ada. } Fuggi! va! quì pronta ell' e.

Pol. Sì! la spezzo—sì; ma prima
 Mi cadrà, il tuo nume al piè!

[Squillano i Sacri Bronzi del Tempio.—Norma è chiamata ai riti.—Ella rispinge d' un braccio Pollione e gli accenna di uscire.—Pollione si allontana furente.

FINE DELL' ATTO PRIMO.

Pol. What I have been I will forget:
 Only of thee the lover am I now. [With fire.

Nor. As 'tis my destiny to fly from her.
 Infatuated! Thy with accomplish—go.

[Restraining her rage.
 [To Adalgisa.] And thou, to, follow.

Ada. Ah! rather would I die!

Nor. [In great rage.]

Yes, fly—leave me, thou unworthy one!
 Forget thy cheldren, promises, honour.
 The curse of my just vengeance on thee,
 Never shalt thou enjoy thy impious love:
 On the sounding wave, in the howling wind,
 Thou following wilt find my ardent fury?
 My vengeance, night and day unceasingly,
 Blasting thy peace, shall rage around thee.

Pol. [With desperation.]

Still madly rave, and endless agonies
 Upon me imprecate, in thy wild fury.
 The mighty love of which I own the empire,
 Than thee, o'er me possesses greater power.
 No god in malice torments can invent,
 Than my own torments more excruciating,
 A curse fell upon that fatal day
 When destiny presented thee to me.

Ada. [Supplicating Norma.]

Ah! no, it shall not be that thus
 I thy fond heart should lacerate.
 May seas and mountains alike divide
 From me for ever this treacherous lover.
 I'll stifle all weak lamentations—
 Hide each torment I may feel,
 And die without reproach, if he
 But return to his children and to thee.

Cho. [From within.]

Norma! baste! With fearful sound
 Irminsul in thunder lifts his voice.

Nor. } [To Pollio.] The sound of death! to thee a

Ada. } warning

Fly! away! prepar'd it comes!

Pol. Yes! I defy it—yes; but first
 I'll o'erthrow thy Deity at thy feet.

[The Sacred Bronze is heard sounding from the Temple.—Norma is summoned to the rites.—With one arm she repulses Pollio, and with the other imperatively points for him to retire, which he does in great anger.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ATTO II.

SCENA I.—*Interno dell' Abitazione di Norma.—Da una parte un Letto Romano, coperto di pelle d' Orso. — I Figli di Norma sono addormentati.*

NORMA *con una lampa e un pugnale alla mano.*—*Siede e posa la lampa sopra una tavola.—E pallida, contristata.*

Nor. Dormono entrambi! non vedran la mano
Che li percuote;—non pentirti, o core,
Viver non ponno; quì supplizio, e in Roma
Obbrobrio avrian (peggior supplizio assai):
Schiavi d' una matrigna!—Ah no! giammai!
[*Sorge.*

Muoiano!—sì. Non posso
[*Fa un passo, e si ferma.*

Arvicinarmi—un gel mi prende;
E in fronte mi solleva il crin.
I figli uccido! tenero figli—
In questo sen concetti! [*Intenerendosi.*
Da questo sen nutriti—es. i. pur dianzi
Dolizia mia!—essi, nel cui sorriso
Il perdono del Ciel mirar credei—
Io, io, li svenerei! Di che son rei?
Di Pollione son figli:
Ecco il delitto. Essi per me son morti—
Muoia per lui;
E non sia pena che la sua somigli!
Feriam!

[*S' incammina verso il Letto, alza il pugnale—essa dà un grido inorridito, i Figli si svegliano.*

Ah, no! son figli miei!—mici figli!
[*Li abbraccia, e piange.*
Clotilde!

SCENA II.—CLOTILDE e detta.

Nor. Corri! vola!
Adalgisa a me guida.

Clo. Ella quì presso—
Solitaria si aggira, e prega e plora.

Nor. Va; si emendi il mio fallo, e poi, sì mora!
[*Clotilde parte*

SCENA III.—ADALGISA e NORMA.

Ada. Me chiami, o Norma. Qual ti copre il volto
T' sto pallor?

Nor. Pallor di morte! Io tutta
L'onta mia ti rivelo. Una preghiera sola
Odi, e l' adempi: se pietà pur merta
Il presente mio duolo, e il duol futuro.

Ada. Tutto, tutto, io prometto.

Nor. Il giura!
Ada. Il giuro!

Nor. Odi.—Purgar quest' aura
Contaminata dalla mia presenza,
Ho risoluto. Nè trar, moco io posso;
Questi infelici!—a te, gli affido!

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Interior of Norma's Dwelling.—On one side, a Roman Couch, covered with Bear-skins, on which the children of Norma are sleeping.*

Enter NORMA, with a lamp and a dagger in her hand.
—*She seats herself, placing the lamp on a table.—She is pale and distracted.*

Nor. They sleep—they will not see the hand
That strikes the blow; repent not, my heart,
They must die; their fate in Rome would be
Opprobrium (worse than their suffering here):
Slaves to a stepmother!—Ah no! never!
[*She rises.*

Better they should die!—yes. I cannot
[*Advancing, then drawing back.*

Draw nearer—chill seizes me;
On my brow my hair stands erect.
Murder my children! my helpless children—
My own dear offspring! [*With tenderness.*
Nurtur'd at this breast—they who once
Were my delight!—in whose fond smile
The pardon of Heaven I thought I saw—
I, I, their murderer! What is their crime?
They are the children of Pollio:
That is their crime? To me they're dead—
For him they die;
May their sacrifice cause him remorse eternal!
Now will I strike!

[*She advances towards the Couch, and raises her her dagger—then utters a fearful scream, which awakens the Children.*

Ah, no! they are my children!—my children!
[*She embraces them, and weeps*
Clotilde!

SCENE II.—CLOTILDE and the same.

Nor. Hasten! fly!
Bring Adalgisa to me.

Clo. She is near—
Lonely she wanders, praying and in tears.

Nor. Go; I will atone my crime, then die!
[*Exit Clotilde.*

SCENE III.—ADALGISA and NORMA.

Ada. Thou call'st me, Norma. What horrid pallor
O'erspreads thy features?

Nor. That of death! Now all
My shame will I reveal. One prayer only
Hear, and my wish fulfil, if thou canst pity
My present grief, my future woe.

Ada. All, all, I promise thee.

Nor. But swear!
Ada. I swear!

Nor. Hear me:—To purify and free the air,
Too long contaminated by my presence,
Is my resolve. Take them with me I cannot,
What misery!—to thee, then, I confide them!

Ada. A me gli affidi? O, Ciel!
Nor. Nel Romano campo
 Guidali a lui—che nominar non oso.
Ada. Oh! che mai chiedi?
Nor. Sposo
 Ti sia men crudo, io gli perdono, e moro.
Ada. Sposo!—Ah! non mai!
Nor. Pei figli suoi l' imploro.

Ada. To me confide them? Oh, Heaven!
Nor. To the Roman camp
 Take them to him—his name I dare not utter.
Ada. Oh! what do'st thou ask of me?
Nor. A husband may he be
 To thee less faithless; I forgive him, and die.
Ada. A husband!—Ah! never!
Nor. I for his children ask it.

DEH! CON TE LI PRENDI—PRAY! BENEATH THY CARE. AIR. NORMA.

Allegretto Moderato.

Deh! con te, con te, li pren - di. Li so - stie - ni, li di - fen - di! Non ti
 Pray! be - neath thy care be - friend them, And from ev - ry ill de - fend them! Not for
 chie - do o - no - ri e fa - sci - A tuoi fi - gli ei fian ser - ba - ti: Pre - go sol che
 ho - no - urs I im - plore thee—These thy chil - dren's por - tions store thee: I but ask thou'ld
 i miei non la - sci, Schiavi ab - biet - ti, ab - ban - do - na - ti—Bas - tia te che di - sprez -
 not deceive them, Nor to ab - ject slav' - ry leave them—For re - mem - ber that des -
 za - ta, Che tra - di - ta io fui per te! A - - - dal - gi - sa, deh ti
 pis'd, be - tray'd. For - sa - ken, I've been for thee! A - - - dal - gi - sa, I im -
 mo - va, tan - to stra - zio del mio cor; A - - - dal - gi - sa,
 plore thee, grant the pray'r of my poor heart; A - - - dal - gi - sa,
 deh . . . ti mo - va, tan - to stra - - - zio del mio cor.
 I . . . im - plore thee, Grant the pray'r . . . of . . . my poor heart.

Ada. Norma! ah, Norma! ancora amata!
 Madre ancor sarai per me—
 Tienti i figli. Non fia mai
 Ch' io mi tolga a queste arene.
Nor. Tu giurasti.
Ada. Sì, giurai;
 Ma il tuo bene—il sol tuo bene—
 Vado al campo, ed all' ingrato.
 Tutti io reco i tuoi lamenti
 La pietà che mi hai destato.
 Parlerà sublimi accenti.
 Spera,—spera: amor, natura
 Ridestarsi in lui vedrai,—
 Del suo cor son io sicura—
 Norma ancor vi regnerà!
Nor. Ch' io lo preghi? ah! no—giammai!
 Piu non t' odo—parti, va!

Ada. Norma! ah, Norma! still belov'd!
 A mother shalt thou be to me—
 Still keep thy children. Never shall it be
 That I will quit these hallow'd woods,
Nor. But thou hast sworn.
Ada. Yes, I have sworn;
 To seek thy happiness—restore thy peace—
 To the camp of the ingrate will I go,
 And reveal thy sad lamentations.
 The ardent pity thou in me hast kindled,
 Shall speak to him in inspiration's accents.
 Hope all—yes, all: love and nature
 Awaken'd in him shall again be seen,—
 His heart to thee I will secure once more—
 Norma again shall reign triumphant!
Nor. What! I supplicate him? ah! no—never!
 I can no longer listen—hence, away!

MIRA, O NORMA—SEE, OH NORMA. DUET. ADALGISA and NORMA.

ADALGISA. *An-lante.*

Mi-ra, o Nor-ma! ai tuoi gi-noc-chi, Ques-ti ca-ri tuoi par-go-let-ti; Ah! pie-
See, oh, Nor-ma! low-ly kneel-ing, These thy chil-dren sweet en-dear-ing; Some



ti-de di lor, ti toc-chi, Se . . . non hai, non hai, di te pie-tà. Ah! per-
pi-ty have for them, un-car-ing, Though for thy-self, thy-self, thou feel-est none. Ah!



chè, per-chè, la mia cos-tan-za, Vuoi sce-mar . . . con molli af-fet-ti? Più lu-
why thus, my cou-rage shak-ing, With these words . . . so soft, so ten-der? No more



sin-ghè, ah più spe-ran-za, Pres-so a-mor-te un cor non . . . ha.
feel-ing hope can ren-der, Nor more in-spire a dy-ing heart like mine.

Ada. Cedi, deh! cedi!

Nor. Ah! lasciami!

Ada. E già sen pente.

Nor. E tu?

Ada. Lo amai, quest'anima

Sol l'amistade or sente.

Nor. O giovinetta!—E vuoi?

Ada. Renderti i dritti tuoi

O teco, al Cielo e agli uomini,

Giuro celarmi ognor.

Nor. Hai vinto, hai vinto. Abbracciami—

Trovo un'amica ancor.

Ada. Yield, oh yield to my entreaties!

Nor. Loves he not thee? Leave me!

Ada. He is now repentant.

Nor. And thou?

Ada. With love my heart was fir'd,

But friendship now is all I feel.

Nor. Young maiden!—what would'st thou?

Ada. Restore to thee what is justly thine,

Or else with thee from Heaven and man,

I swear, concealed to live for ever.

Nor. I am vanquish'd, conquer'd. Embrace me—

I find a friend is left me yet,

SI FINO ALL'ORE ESTREME.—CALMLY TILL CLOSES. DUET. NORMA and ADALGISA.

NORMA. *Alliegretto.*

Si, fino all' o-re, all' o-re e-stre-me, Com-pa-gna tu-a, com-pa-gna m'a-
Calm-ly till clos-es life's last fleet-ing moment, Tru-ly to thee a com-pan-ion I'll

ADALGISA.



tra-i; Per ri-co-vrar-ci, per ri-co-vrar-ci in-sie-me— Am-pia e la ter-ra è la
prove; A-bove us one roof shall give safe-ty's en-joyment—This world's wide e-nough to yield



ter - ra - as - sa - i. Te - co del fa - to all' on - te, Ferma op - por - rò lu
shel - ter 'gainst love. To - ge - ther fate op - pos - ing, Ris - ing, brav - ing

Te - co del fa - to all'
To - ge - ther fate op -

fron - te, Fin - ch'è il mio core a bat - te - re, Io sen - ta sul tuo cor;
sor - row, On thy breast re - pos - ing, Calm my breast will bor - row;

on - te, Fer - ma op - per - rò la fron - te, Fin - ch'è mi bat - te il cor sen -
pos - ing. Ris - ing, brav - ing sor - row, On thy breast re - pos - . . .

Sen - ta, sul tuo cor, Io sen - ta, Io
Calm my breast, calm my breast will bor - row, My

ta, ing. Sul tuo cor, sul cor, Io sen - ta, Io
Calm my breast will bor - row, My

sen - ta sul tuo cor, Io sen - ta sul tuo cor,
breast will bor - row, will bor - row, My breast, my breast will bor -

row, My breast will bor - row.

[Partono.]

[Esceunt.]

SCENA IV.—*Luogo solitario presso il Bosco dei Druidi, cinto da burroni e da Caverne.—In fondo un Lago, attraversato da un Ponte di Pietra.*

Guerrieri e Galli.

Coro 1. Non parti?

Coro 2. Finora è al campo—
Tutto il dice: i ferri carmi,
Il fragore, il suon dell'armi,
Delle insegne il ventilar..

SCENE IV.—*A solitary spot near the Druids' Wood, surrounded by rocky Caverns.—In the distance is a Lake, over which is a Stone Bridge.*

Enter Warriors and Gauls.

1st Cho. Has he departed?

2nd Cho. He's still in the camp—
All things bespeak it: the fierce warlike song,
The clang of arms, that ceaseless sound,
Their standards still triumphant wave.

Tutti. Attendiam: un breve incampo
Non ci turbi, — non ci arresti.
E in silenzio il cor si appresti
La grand'opra a consumar.

SCENA V.—*OROVESO e detti,*

Oro. Guerrieri! a voi venirne
Crudea toriere d'avvenir migliore:
Il guerrier s'ardore,
L'ira che in sen vi bolle,
Io credea secondar — ma il Dio nol volle.
Coro. Come? E le nostre selve
L'abborrito Proconsole non lascia? —
Non riede al Tebro?

Oro. Ma più temuto, e fero
Latino condottiero,
A Pollion succede; e di novelle
Possenti Legioni,
Afforza il campo che ne tien prigionii.
Coro. E Norma il sa? — Di pace
E consiglia ancor?

Oro. Invan di Norma
La mente investigai.
Coro. E che far pensi?
Oro. Al futo

Piegare la fronte; — separarei, e nullo
Lasciar sospetto del fallito intento.

Coro. E finger sempre?
Oro. Amara legge il sento!

Ah! del Tebro al giogo indegno
Fremo io pure — e all'armi anco; —
Ma nemico è sempre il Cielo; —
Ma consiglio è il simular:
Divoriamo in cor lo sdegno,
Tal che Roma estinto il creda:
Di verrà, che desto, ci rieda,
Più tremendo a divampar!
Coro. Sì, fingiam, se il finger giovi;
Ma il furore in sen si covi; —
Guai per Roma, allor che il segno
Dia dell'armi il sacro altar!

[*Partono.*]

SCENA VI.—*Tempio d' Irminsul: Ara da un lato.*
NORMA, indi CLOTILDE.

Nor. Ei tornerà.—Sì! mia fidanza è posta
In Adalgisa: ei tornerà pentito—
Supplichevole, amante! O! a tal pensiero,
Sparisce il nuvol nero
Che mi premea la fronte! e il sol m'arride,
Come del primo amor noi di felici.

Esce CLOTILDE.

Clotilde!

Clo. O, Norma! uopo è d'ardir.
Nor. Che dici?

Clo. Lassa!
Nor. Favella!
Clo. Indarno

Parlò Adalgisa, e pianse.
Nor. Ed io fidarmi
Di lei dovea? di mano uscirmi, e bella
Del sac. dolore, presentarsi all'empio?
Ella tramava!

All. Let us be patient: a slight impediment
Must not disturb us,—nor stop our progress.
In silence let us our hearts prepare
The glorious work to consummate.

SCENE V.—*Enter OROVESO.*

Oro. Gallant warriors! I had hop'd
To be the messenger of better prospects:
The patriotic zeal, the generous ardour,
The noble rage which in your bosoms burn,
I hop'd to second—the God wills differently.
Cho. How is it that our consecrated woods
This abhor'd Proconsul does not leave? —
Returns not to the Tiber?

Oro. A more fierce
And cruel Roman commander,
To Pollio succeeds; and myriads of new
O'erpow'ring Legions, eager to destroy,
Reinforce the camp to keep us in subjection.
Cho. Does Norma know this? — Does she peace
Still counsel us?

Oro. I in vain of Norma
The mind have sought.

Cho. How wilt thou act?
Oro. To fate
Submissive bow; — separate all, and nothing
Leave to awake suspicion of intentions.

Cho. Dissembling ever?
Oro. A bitter law I feel it!

Ah! at the Tiber's yoke dishonourable
I alike rage — alike for arms I pant; —
But unfriendly to us still is Heaven! —
My counsel, then, is, we dissimulate:
Let's stifle in our hearts our indignation,
That Rome extinguish'd may believe it:
The day will come, when it shall return,
More terribly to vanquish and destroy!
Cho. Yes, let us feign, if feigning help us;
But fury in our bosoms still we'll shroud;
Woe be to Rome, whene'er the fatal signal,
To arms, sounds from our sacred altar!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Temple of Irminsul: Altar on one side.*
Enter NORMA, afterwards CLOTILDE.

Nor. He will return.—Ah, yes! my faith is firm
In Adalgisa: he'll return repentant—
A supplicating lover! At that thought,
How disappear the clouds that late so darkly
Oppress'd my brow! the bright sun smiles,
As in my first lov'd days of happiness.

Enter CLOTILDE.

Clotilde!

Clo. Oh, Norma! summon courage.
Nor. Speak?

Clo. Alas!
Nor. Tell me all
Clo. Vainly

Spoke Adalgisa's tears.
Nor. Should I have
Trusted her? let her, so beautiful
In sorrow, seek that impious one?
She has betrayed me!

Cho. Ella ritorna al tempio
Trista, dolente implora
Di profferir suoi voti.

Nor. Ed egli?

Clo. Ed egli
Rapirla giura anco all' altar del Nume!

Nor. Troppo il fello presume;
Lo previen, mia vendetta, e quì di sangue—
Sangue Romano—scorreran torrenti!
[*Si appressa all' ara, e batte tre volte lo scudo d' Irminsul.*]

Coro. [Di dentro.] Squilla il bronzo del Dio!

Clo. Cielo! che tenti?

SCENA VII.—*Accorono, da varie parti, OROVESO, i Druidi, i Bardi, e le Ministre.*—A poco a poco il Tempio si riempie d' armati.—Norma si colloca sull' Altare.

Oro. Norma, che fu? Percosso
Lo scudo d' Irminsul, quali alla terra
Decreti, intima?

Nor. Guerra! strage! sterminio!

Oro. E a noi pur dianzi pace
S' imponea pel tuo labbro?

Nor. Ed ira adesso—
Armi, furor, e morti!
Il cantico di guerra alzate, o forti—
Guerra, guerra! Le Galliche selve
Quante han quercie producon guerrier.
Qual sui greggi fameliche belve,
Sui Romani van essi a cader.
Sangue! sangue! le Galliche scuri
Fino al tronco bagnate ne son,
Sovra i flutti del Liguri impuri,
Ei gorgoglia, con furebre, suon.
Strage! strage! sterminio, vendetta!
Già comincia, si compie, si affretta.
Come biade da falci mietute,
Son di Roma le schiere cadute;
Tronchi i vanni, recisi gli artigli,
Abbattuta ecco l' aquila al suol!
A mirar il trionfo dei figli,
Viene il Dio sovra un raggio di sol.

Oro. Nè compì il rito, o Norma?

Nor. Nè la vittima accenni?

Nor. Ella fia pronta.
Non mai l' altar tremendo
Di vittime mancò.—Ma quel tumulto?

SCENA VIII.—*CLOTILDE, frettolosa, e detti.*

Clo. Al nostro tempio insulto
Fecce un Romano: nella sacra chiostra
Delle vergini alunne egli fu colto.

Tutti. Un Romano?

Nor. (Che ascolto?)
Se mai foss' egli?

Tutti. A noi vien tratto!

Nor. (E desso.)

SCENA IX.—*POLLIONE, fra Soldati e detti.*

Oro. E Pollione!

Nor. (Son vendicata adesso!)

Oro. Sacrilego nemico! e chi ti spinse
A violar queste temute soglie?—
A sfidar l' ira d' Irminsul?

Clo. She has resought the temple,
Sorrow-stricken, earnestly imploring
To offer up her vows.

Nor. And he?

Clo. And he swears
To force her e'en from the altar of her God!

Nor. Too much, foul traitor, he presumes;
Forestall'd by my vengeance, seas of blood—
Of Roman blood—shall flow forth in torrents!
[*She approaches the Altar, and thrice strikes the shield of Irminsul.*]

Cho. [Within.] The sacred shield has sounded!

Clo. Heavens! what dar'st thou?

SCENA VII.—*Enter hastily, from various sides, OROVESO, Druids, Bards, and officiating Priestesses.*—By little and little the Temple becomes filled with armed Men.—Norma takes her place on the Altar.

Oro. Norma, why summon us? That dread sound,
The shield of Irminsul, what, to this earth
Decreeing, does it intimate?

Nor. War! carnage! extermination!

Oro. And yet but lately was peace
Impos'd by thine own lips?

Nor. Wrath now I'd wake—
Arms, fury, exterminating death!
Quick, let the song of war rise loudly—
War to the steel! The Gallic forests
Shall, numerous as their oaks, produce warriors.
As on our flocks rush famish'd beasts of prey,
So we the Romans will o'erpower, destroy.
Blood! blood! the Gallic battle-axes
Shall cut them off for ever,
And the dark waters of the foul Liguri,
Flowing o'er them, sound their dirge.
Slaughter! extermination! vengeance!
Commence, and hasten to complete.
Like ripen'd corn beneath the sickle
Shall the Roman forces fall;
Clipp'd the proud wings, and cut the talons,
O'erthrown on the earth shall the eagle lie!
To triumph in his children's triumph,
Will come our God, radiant as the sun.

Oro. Do'st thou not consummate the rite, oh Norma?

Nor. Nor yet point out the victim?

Nor. The victim is ready.
Never, did this dread altar
Its victim lack.—But say, why this tumult?

SCENA VIII.—*CLOTILDE, hastily, and the same.*

Clo. Our temple has been insulted
By a Roman: in the sacred cloister
Of our novice virgin was he surpris'd.

All. A Roman?

Nor. (What do I hear?)
Should it be he?

All. To us he's dragg'd!

Nor. (It is!)

SCENA IX.—*Enter POLLIO, conducted by Soldiers*

Oro. Pollio!

Nor. (This moment avenges me!)

Oro. Sacrilegious foe! what demon urg'd thee
To violate our calm secluded shrine?—
Defy the wrath of Irminsul?

Pol. Ferisei!
Ma non interrogarmi.
Nor. Io ferir deggio!
Seostatevi!
Pol. Chi veggio?—
Nor. Sì, Norma!
Tutti. Il sacro ferro impugna!
Vendica il tempio e il Dio.
Nor. *[Prende il Pugnale dalle mani di Orovoso.]*
Sì, feriamo!—Ah! *[Si arresta.]*
Tutti. Tu tremi!
Nor. *(Ah! non poss'io!)*
Oro. Che fia! perchè t'arresti?
Nor. *(Poss'io sentir pietà!)*
Coro. Ferisei!
Nor. Io deggio
Interrogarlo, investigar qual sia—
L'insidiata, o complice ministra—
Che il profan persuase a fallo estremo.
Ite per poco.

Oro. } Che far pensa?
Coro. } *(Io tremo!)*
Pol. *[Orovoso e il Coro si ritirano.—Il Tempio rimane sgombrato.]*

SCENA X.—NORMA e POLLIONE.

Nor. In mia mano alfin tu sei;
Nim potria spezzar tuoi nodi:
Io lo posso!
Pol. Tu!—nol dei.
Nor. Io lo voglio.
Pol. Come?
Nor. M'odi:—
Pol tuo Dio, pe' figli tuoi,
Giurar dei, che d'ora in poi,
Adalgisa fuggirai.
All'altar non la torrai:
E la vita ti perdono,
E non più ti rivedrò.
Giura!
Pol. No; sì vil non sono.
Nor. Giura! giura!
Pol. Ah! pria morirò.
Nor. Non sai tu, che il mio furore
Passa il tuo?
Pol. Ch'ei piombi attendo.
Nor. Non sai tu che ai figli in core
Questo ferro—
Pol. O, Dio! che intendo?
Nor. Sì, sov'r essi alzai la punta—
Vedi, vedi, a che son giunta!
Non ferii: ma tosto—adesso,
Consumar poss'io l'eccesso!
Un'istante, e d'esser madre,
Mi poss'io dimenticar.
Pol. Ah, crudele!—In sen del padre
Il pugnol tu dei vibrar:
A me il porgi.
Nor. A te!
Pol. Che spento
Cada io solo.
Nor. Solo! Tutti—
I Romani—a cento a cento—

Pol. Strike!
But do not question me.
Nor. *[Discovering herself.]* The blow be mine!
Draw back!
Pol. Whom do I see?—
Nor. Norma!
Nor. Yes, Norma!
All. The sacred weapon wield!
Vindicate at once thy God and temple.
Nor. *[Taking the Sword from Orovoso's hand.]*
Yes, let me strike!—Ah! *[She hesitates.]*
All. Thou tremblest!
Nor. *(Ah! I cannot!)*
Oro. What means this? what now stays thee?
Nor. *(Can I, then, pity feel!)*
Cho. Strike!
Nor. I must
Interrogate, find out who aided him—
What deceitful priestess prompted
This most profane one to a crime so dire.
Withdraw awhile.

Oro. } What means all this?
Cho. } *(I tremble!)*
Pol. *[Exeunt Orovoso and Chorus.—The Temple is cleared.]*

SCENE X.—NORMA and POLLIO.

Nor. To my hands consign'd at length thou art;
No one is able now to break thy bonds:
I only can!
Pol. Thou! but thou must not.
Nor. I have the will.
Pol. How?
Nor. Hear me:—
By thy God, and by thy helpless children,
Swear, that from this hour, for ever
Thou wilt from Adalgisa fly,
Nor from our altar bear her off:
Then I will grant thy forfeit life,
And never see thee more.
Swear!
Pol. Never!—No; so vile I am not.
Nor. Swear! swear!
Pol. Ah! sooner will I die.
Nor. Know'st thou not the fury of my purpose
Is greater far than thine?
Pol. Let it descend.
Nor. And that in thy children's hearts
This dagger—
Pol. Oh Gods! what do I hear?
Nor. Yes, o'er them I've already rais'd its point—
See, see, to what extreme thou'st driven me!
I struck not then; but soon—instantly,
I'll consummate my fearful, wild excess!
A moment, and that I am a mother,
I will wash out all memory of.
Pol. Ah, cruel!—In the bosom of the father
More justly should it be plung'd:
To me, then, deal it.
Nor. To thee!
Pol. That I
Alone may perish.
Nor. Alone! Nay, all—
The Romans—hundreds upon hundreds—

Fian mietuti, fian distrutti;
E Adalgisa—

Pol. Ahimè!
Nor. Infedela

A' suoi voti!
Nor. Ebben, crudele!
Nor. Adalgisa fia punita;
Nelle fiamme perirà.

Pol. Oh, ti prendi la mia vita!
Ma di lei, di lei pietà!
Nor. Preghi alfine?—Indegno, è tardi:
Nel suo cor ti vo' ferire!
Già mi pasco ne' tuoi sguardi
Del tuo duol, del sue morire!
Posso alfine, e voglio farti
Infelice al par di me!

Pol. Ah! t' appaghi il mio terrore!
Al tuo piè son io piangente:
In me sfoga il tuo furore,
Ma risparmia un' innocente!
Basti, ah! basti a vendicarti
Ch' io mi sveni innanzi a te.
Dammi quel ferro.

Nor. Sorgi:
Scostati.

Pol. Il ferro! il ferro!
Nor. Olà! ministri, sacerdoti, accorrete!

SCENA ULTIMA.—*Ritornano OROVESO, i Druidi,
i Bardi, e i Guerrieri.*

Nor. Al' ira vostra
Nuova vittima io svelo: una spergiuira
Sacerdotessa i sacri voti infranse,
Tradi la patria, il Dio degli avi offese.

Tutti. O, delitto! O, furor! ne sia palese.
Nor. Sì, preparate il rogo!

Pol. O! ancor, ti prego,
Norma, pietà!

Tutti. Ne svela il nome?
Nor. (Io, rea,

L' innocente accusar del fallo mio?)

Tutti. Parla, chi è dessa?
Pol. Ah, non lo dir!
Nor. Son io!

Oro. Tu, Norma?
Nor. Io, stessa! Il rogo ergete.

Tutti. D' orrore io gelo!
Pol. (Mi manca il cor!)

Tutti. Tu delinquente!
Pol. Non le credete!

Nor. Norma non mente.
Oro. O! mio rossor!

Shall fall, in one wide destruction;
And Adalgisa—

Pol. Ah me, alas!
Nor. The trait'ress

To our altar's vows!
Pol. Passionate cruelty!

Nor. Adalgisa shall suffer due punishment;
In torturing flames unpitied perish.

Pol. Oh, rather take my life!
But upon her, on her have pity!
Nor. Base prayers at last?—'tis too late:
Through her's thy heart I'll strike!
My pasturage shall be thy guilty soul—
Shall be thy anguish, her righteous death!
I can at last, and will, make thee
As wretched as myself!

Pol. Ah! content thee with my terror!
At thy feet see me lonely weeping:
On me expend the fury of thy anger,
But oh, spare thou the innocent!
Enough, ah! enough in vindication
That I fall lifelessly before thee.
Give me the dagger.

Nor. Arise!

Pol. Begone.
Nor. The dagger! the dagger!

Nor. Ho! ministers, priests, hither hasten!
SCENE THE LAST.—*Re-enter OROVESO, Druids,
Bards, and Warriors.*

Nor. To your righteous wrath
I a new victim will reveal: a perjurd
Priestess, who her sacred vows has broken,
Betray'd her land, her father's God offended.

All. Horrible crime! Oh, fury! make her known.
Nor. Yes, prepare the pile!

Pol. Again I pray thee,
Norma, have pity!

All. Her name?
Nor. (I, the misdoer,
The innocent accuse, and of my crime?)

All. Speak, who is she?
Pol. Oh, do not say!

Nor. 'Tis I!
Oro. Thou, Norma?
Nor. I, myself! The pile make ready.

All. With horror we are chill'd!
Pol. (My failing heart!)

All. Thou an offender!
Pol. Oh, do not believe it!

Nor. Norma hath never lied.
Oro. Oh! what agony!

QUAL COR TRADISTI—THE HEART THOU'ST SLIGHTED. DUET. NORMA and POLLIO.

Andante. NORMA.



Qual cor tra - di - sti, Qual cor per - de - sti, Quest' ora or - ren - da, Ti ma - ni.
The heart thou' st slight - ed, The heart thou' st blight - ed, Now lost, be - night - ed, This dread hour



fe - sti;— Da me fug - gi - re, Ten - ta - sti in - va - no, — Cru - del Ro -
shows . thee;— 'Twere vain to fly me, Neg - lect, de - fy me, — False Ro - man

ma - no, Tu sei con me. Un Nume, un fu - to Di te più
aigh me, Thy love I claim. A God, whose pow - er Thou'st felt o'er -
for - te, Ci vuole u - ni - ti In vita e in mor - te, Sul ro-go i -
tow - er, Rules this dark hour... Comes to op - pose thee, This fate de -
stes - so— Che mi di - ro - ra, Sol - ter - ra an - co - ra, Sa - rò con
cree - ing— That still our be - ing, In life and death a - like, We share the

POLLIONE.

le. Ah! trop - po tar - di, Tho co - no - sciu - ta, Su - bli - me don - na,
same. Too late the plight - ed, In love u - ni - ted, The lost, the slight - ed,

NORMA.

Qual cor, qual cor tra - di - sti, Qual co - re, Qual
The heart, the heart thou'st slighted. The heart, The
I o t'ho per - du - ta— Col mio ri - mor - so E amor ri - na - to, Più di spe -
I find a - bove me;— Re-morse o'er - tak - ing A heart that's breaking, New love a'

cor. Qual cor. The heart.
ra - to, Fu - rente e - gliè. Moriamo in - sie - me, Ah, sì, mo -
wak - ing, I feel for thee. To - ge - ther dy - ing, Life's la - test

Quest' ora or - ren - da. Now lost, be-night-ed.
ria - - - mo: L'estremo, ac - cen - to sa - rà ch'io l'a - mo;— Ma tu mo -
sigh - - - ing Shall mur-mur, dy - ing, I love, I love but thee;—Then when life's

ren - do, Non m'abbor - ri - re. Pria di mo - ri - re, Per - do - na a me.
wan - ing, Breathe no com-plain-ing. At my dis - dain - ing, But par - don me.

Oro. } O, in te ritorna, ci rassicura!
 Coro. } Canuto padre te ne scongiura:
 Di che deliri, di che tu menti,
 Che stolti accenti uscir da te.
 Il Dio severo che qui t' intende
 Se stassi muto, se il tuon sospende,
 Indizio è questo, indizio espresso
 Che tanto eccesso punir non de',
 Oro. Norma! deh, Norma! scolpati!
 Taci! ne ascolta appena?
 Nor. Cielo e i miei figli!
 Pol. *[Scuotendosi con un grido.]* Ahi! miseri!
 Nor. *[Volgendosi a Pollione.]* I nostri figli!
 Pol. O pena!
 Coro. Norma, sei rea?
 Nor. *[Disperatamente.]* Sì, rea!
 Oltre ogni umana idea!
 Oro. } Empia!
 Coro. }
 Nor. Tu m'odi!
 Oro. Scostati!
 Nor. Deh m'odi!
 Oro. O, mio dolor!
 Nor. *[Piano ad Orovoso.]* Son madre!
 Oro. Madre!
 Nor. Acquetati!
 Clotilde ha i figli miei:
 Tu li raccogli—e ai barbari
 L' invola insiem con lei.
 Giammai! giammai! Va—lasciami!
 Oro. Ah, padre! un prego ancor! *[S' inginoc.]*

Oro. } Oh, to thyself return, and reassure us!
 Cho. } The gray hairs of a father supplicate thee:
 Say 'twas delirium, and spoken falsely;
 That senseless words fell idly from thee.
 The God severe, who heard thee,
 Remaining silent, his thunder suspending,
 Indicates clearly, indicates expressly,
 That thus he pardon doth proclaim.
 Oro. Norma! oh, Norma! vindicate thyself!
 Silent! what does this portend?
 Nor. Heaven and my children!
 Pol. *[With great emotion.]* Alas! most miserable!
 Nor. *[Turning to Pollio.]* Our hapless children!
 Pol. Unutterable anguish!
 Cho. Norma, art thou guilty?
 Nor. *[With desperation.]* Yes, guilty!
 Beyond all mortal thought!
 Oro. } Impious!
 Cho. }
 Nor. Oh, hear me!
 Oro. Away!
 Nor. Hear me a moment!
 Oro. Oh, endless sorrow!
 Nor. *[In a low voice to Orovoso.]* I am a mother!
 Oro. A mother!
 Nor. Soft, be calm!
 Clotilde has my children:
 Do thou receive them—from barbarians
 Protect alike both them and her.
 Never! never! Leave me—away!
 Oro. Ah, father! one prayer more! *[Kneeling]*

DEH! NON VOLERLI VITTIME—OH! LET THEM NOT BE THE VICTIMS. AIR. NORMA.

Moderato.

Deh! non vo - ler - li vit - ti - me Del mio fa - ta - le er - ro - - re—
 Oh! let them not be vic - - tims Of this my fa - tal er - - ror—

Deh! non tron - car sul fio - - re Quell' in - no - cen - te e - tà.
 Oh! wi - ther not in blos - - som Such fair and in - no - cent flow'rs

Pen - - sa che son tuo san - - gue— Ab - - bi di lor pie - ta - - de! Ah!
 Through them thy blood is flow - - ing— Spare it, pi - ty be - stow - - ing! Ah!

pa - dre! ab - bi di lor, di lor pie - tà, . . ab - bi di
 fa - ther! pi - ty be - stow, pi - ty be - stow, . . pi - ty be -

lor, di lor pie - tà, . . ab - bi di lor, di lor pie - tà.
 stow, pi - ty be - stow, . . Spare thou them, pi - ty be - stow.

Oro. Oppresso è il core.
 Nor. Piangi, e perdona!
 Oro. Ha vinto amore!
 Nor. Ah! tu perdoni—quel pianto il dice.
 Pol. } Io più non chiedo—Io son felice.
 Nor. } Content^o il rogo, ascenderò.
 Oro. Ah! consolarmene—mai non potrò.
 Coro. Piange, prega, che mai spera?
 Qui respinta è la preghiera.
 Le si spogli il crin del serto:
 Sia coperto, di squallor!
 [I Druidi coprono d'un Velo nero la Sacerdotessa.
 Vanne al rogo! Ed il tuo scempio
 Purghi l'ara, e lavi il tempio.
 Maledetta all' ultim' ora!
 Maledetta estinta ancor!
 Oro. Va, infelice!
 Nor. [Incaminandosi.] Padre, addio!
 Pol. Il tuo rogo, o Norma! è il mio.
 Nor. } Là più puro, là più santo,
 Pol. } Incomincia eterno amor!
 Oro. Sgorra alfin—prorompi, o pianto!
 Sei permesso a un genitor.

Oro. Oppress'd I feel my heart,
 Nor. Weep, and pardon me!
 Oro. Thou'st conquer'd, love!
 Nor. Ah! thou pardon'st me—those tears bespeak it.
 Pol. } No more I ask—I now am bless'd!
 Nor. } Contented, we'll the fatal pile ascend.
 Oro. What can console me—what give me rest?
 Cho. Tears, prayers, what hope has she aught can
 befriend?
 Rejected here shall be her prayers.
 Tear off the wreath her brow now wears,
 And shroud it with the hue of death!
 [The Druids throw a black Veil over Norma.
 Hence to the pile! May her last breath
 Pacify our altar, and our temple.
 Malediction wait her final hour!
 Malediction after life have power!
 Oro. Go, unhappy one!
 Nor. [Going to the pile.] Father, fare-thee-well!
 Pol. Thy funeral pyre, oh Norma! shall be mine.
 Nor. } There more pure, more bless'd above,
 Pol. } Shall commence eternal love!
 Oro. Gush out at last—break forth, oh tears!
 Nature permits thee to a suffering father.

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NEW YORK, December 16th, 1878. }
CLARENDON HOTEL. }

DEAR MR. WEBER: Thanks for the Grand Piano you have sent me. I like it *very much*, and find it *very excellent*. I shall be happy to *recommend* your fine instruments on *every occasion*.

ETELKA GERSTER.

ALBANI TO WEBER.

Monday, Feb. 15, 1875.

MR. WEBER: Dear Sir—I should be happy to see you, if convenient, as on Wednesday I sail for England—recalled suddenly by Mr. Gye—needless to say how regretfully, after so many pleasant evenings in America.

I used your splendid pianos here and about the Provinces, and have been thoroughly satisfied with them.

They deservedly merit the high distinction they have obtained.

With many sincere thanks, believe me,

Yours sincerely,

EMMA ALBANI.

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WINDSOR HOTEL, May 5th, 1874.

MR. A. WEBER:

Dear Sir—Please accept my best thanks for the *magnificent* Grand Piano that you sent me during my stay in New York. It is hardly necessary to say that it satisfied me in all respects, and I shall take every opportunity to *recommend* and *praise* your instruments to all my friends.

Believe me, dear sir, yours truly,

CHRISTINE NILSSON-ROUZAUD.

KELLOGG.

CLAREHURST, COLD SPRING, June 23d, 1874.

DEAR MR. WEBER:

For the last six years your pianos have been *my choice* for the concert-room and my own house, where one of your splendid Parlor Grands now stands. I have *praised* and *recommended* them to all my friends, and shall continue to do so, for it seems to me your instruments *are becoming better every year*.

Very truly yours,

CLARA LOUISA KELLOGG.

LUCCA.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26th, 1873.

DEAR MR. WEBER:

Let me kindly thank you for the Upright Piano which I used all summer in Kingston, and before that in the city, since my arrival in America. *Your Upright Pianos are extraordinary instruments*. They have an astonishing fullness and wealth of tone which adapts them well to the voice. The action I find charming, and this one surprises me by hardly ever needing the tuner. Your instruments fully deserve the great success which they have attained.

PAULINE LUCCA.

PATTI.

CLARENDON HOTEL, April 3d, 1873.

ALBERT WEBER, ESQ.:

I must thank you for the very excellent instrument which accompanied us through our late concert tour. Exposed to an unusually severe winter and extraordinary changes of temperature, still your piano was ever ready, and caused myself and the troupe continued pleasure. *The durability and extraordinary power of the Weber Piano, allied to such a lovely quality*, astonished us, and will ever prove a theme of wonder to all of us. In the numerous concert tours with which I have been associated I have used the pianos of every celebrated maker, but *give yours the preference over all*. Accept my best wishes.

CARLOTTA PATTI.

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E. FACCIO, Grand Director of the Music and Conductor, "La Scala," to Campanini:

MILAN, September 18, 1879. ✓

MY DEAR CAMPANINI:

I have seen and examined the **Superb Grand Piano** you have just purchased from Weber, New York, which, **for beauty and robustness of tone**, as well as for elegance of design, is truly remarkable, and must be classed among the **foremost pianos of our day**. Present my compliments to Mr. Weber for his admirable work, and you I congratulate on your enviable acquisition.

E. FACCIO.

G. LUCCA, the eminent musical critic and publisher to Campanini:

MILAN, September 24, 1878.

ESTEEMED FRIEND CAMPANINI:

I have seen your magnificent Grand Piano from Weber of New York, which you have lately purchased, and congratulate you on the possession of **such a splendid instrument**.

Please tell Mr. Weber I have found his piano **superior even to my high expectations**, and as soon as I have room for one in my house, will be glad to give an order for a similar one.

With kind regards, yours,

G. LUCCA.

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Her Majesty's Opera Company, of London, to WEBER.

NEW YORK, December 28, 1878.

A. WEBER, Esq.—*Dear Sir*: The following artists of Her Majesty's (Colonel Mapleson's) Opera Company, who have used ONLY YOUR, the Weber, pianos for their private use during their stay in New York City, while tendering their thanks for your kindness, deem it their duty to say that for *Pure and Sympathetic Richness of Tone*, coupled with greatest power and singing quality, they know of no piano which equals yours. Certainly for sustaining the voice already formed, or for the purpose of cultivating it, the Weber Piano is superior to any instrument known to us.

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